Eye of the Beholder

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/22181020.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	BDSM, Dom/sub, Lingerie, Shaving, Bathing, Oral Sex, Spanking, Crying, Established Relationship, Aftercare
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Prompt Stories
Collections:	Hannigram Kinkmeme
Stats:	Published: 2020-01-09 Words: 4,464 Chapters: 1/1

Eye of the Beholder

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Summary

“A gift,” Will explained, gently freeing Hannibal’s tablet from his grasp. “I thought we’d try something new tonight.”

Will has a kink. Hannibal doesn't share it. Yet.

Notes

Some sub Hannibal for a lovely person <3 THANKS FOR THE IDEA, WILL!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was gleeful when he came home. Giddiness didn't suit either of them. They were both calm men, now that they were together and living relatively worry-free.

But it could not be denied that Will was *gleeful* today.

He'd gone out on his own, not an uncommon occasion. Some may have described them as codependent, but they both liked some time to themselves once in a while.

The bags, though, *those* were unusual. Black, with pale blue tissue paper poking out. He settled them into Hannibal's lap, grinning.

"A gift," he explained, gently freeing Hannibal's tablet from his grasp. "I thought we'd try something new tonight."

'Something new' sometimes involved new toys or ropes, but never something in packaging so delicate. Hannibal rifled through the tissue paper and then stared up at Will, pained.

" *Really* , Will? This will never fit."

"You think I don't know the contours of your body by now?" Will asked. "It was a shop for men, specifically."

Hannibal swallowed, thick enough to feel in his ears, and looked into the bag again. Within, tags already removed, lay a lingerie set in the palest of blue, lighter even than the paper. Panties, stockings, a garter belt with clips. Hannibal crinkled the paper as he folded it back over to cover the 'gift'.

It was rare he felt uncomfortable, their pleasures lined up more often than they didn't, but this… this had always been a fantasy of Will's, never of Hannibal's. He saw nothing wrong with the practice per se, he just never imagined himself partaking in it. There had never been a desire to even try something like this, and yet -

When he looked up, Will was beaming. He looked like a kid at Christmas, absolutely ecstatic with this scenario, with the possibilities. Hannibal wasn't sure he could deny him that, even for his own comfort. He looked away again, down at the bag, the paper, the lingerie hidden within and nodded stiffly.

"I suppose we could." He replied. Will snorted.

"Curb your enthusiasm, Doctor, can't have you hyperventilating."

Hannibal pursed his lips and lifted his eyes to Will for a moment, considering a similarly sarcastic reply, but thought better of it.

"It is new to me," Hannibal said instead. "I need a moment to process."

Will's smile faltered. Just a bit, the tiniest quirk at the corners, but Hannibal noticed it. Hannibal noticed everything about Will.

“If you hate it, we never have to think about it again,” Will promised, reaching for his hand. Hannibal let him twine their fingers together, looking down into the bag again.

“Did you want me to shave?” He asked, resigned. This time, Will’s grin was sheepish.

“Actually…” he held out another bag, this one a more familiar plastic. At least he hadn’t thought to put Hannibal’s well-cared-for straight razor through such trauma. “I was hoping you’d let me do it.”

Hannibal swallowed. This was also unfamiliar territory, but Will taking such liberties with Hannibal’s body was not. It made his mouth dry up and his body run hot. “Alright, Will. Show me what you want to do to me.”

Will ran him a bath, hot, with oils in the more mild fragrances Hannibal’s sensitive nose could tolerate. He sat opposite Hannibal in the large tub, pulling his leg into his lap and kissing his ankle.

Hannibal leaned back against the edge of the tub and watched as Will lathered some cream over his shin, down to his calf, massaging gently to ease the tension from him. He watched as Will wet the razor, as he held Hannibal’s leg securely in his palm and started to shave him.

They had shared baths and showers for a long time now, Will’s hands on Hannibal’s body were far from unfamiliar. But the smooth slide of the razor was new. Was strange. It filled Hannibal with a cool worry that even the bathwater didn’t warm. A sound hitched in his throat as Will kissed over the newly smooth skin before letting Hannibal slip his leg beneath the water. When he took up the other, Hannibal looked away.

They had both had relationships with both genders before. And had reminisced, sometimes, or thought back to particularly memorable encounters. But Hannibal had never felt like he wasn’t enough, he never felt like there was something missing in their relationship that needed to be supplemented by… this.

“Hannibal.”

He looked up, Will’s smile was warm, and with a hum Hannibal spread his legs for Will to crawl over and lay on him. He accepted a kiss, was smiling when he was given another, and brought wet hands up to stroke through Will’s hair.

“We may need several razors if you wish to conquer the hair on my chest,” He murmured.

“Mmm…” Will kissed the corner of his mouth, fingers tangling through the thick patch of hair. He tugged, just lightly. “Why would I want to do that?”

Hannibal hesitated. “I… I had assumed…”

“Your legs will feel so much nicer in the stockings,” Will assured him, running his hands up and down the outsides of Hannibal’s thighs. “There’s no need to do anything to your chest. However…” His fingers walked over Hannibal’s thighs, playing teasingly at the apex, just avoiding his genitals. “There’s a little bit more cleanup I’d like to do.”

Will drained the tub, rinsing it and them in a quick shower. Hannibal was guided to sit on the edge, legs spread, bare to the chilly air. He wasn't entirely sure he cared for Will shaving his groin, but said nothing. There were worse things he'd done for Will.

In the end, Will only tidied, cleaning the length with his own electric trimmers and then shaving the excess that met Hannibal's thighs - *the bikini line* , Hannibal's mind supplied.

"There we go," Will said, ducking his head to plant a single kiss over the head of Hannibal's soft - but rising - cock. "Into the bedroom, baby, let's get you dressed."

Hannibal had intended to dress himself, but when he stood before their bed, Will took up the bag himself. He knelt before Hannibal, holding up the delicate panties. "Step in."

Hannibal did, still uncertain, still not entirely convinced. The panties were entirely made of lace, except for a strip of soft fabric that lined the space between Hannibal's perineum and the curve of his ass. He stood still as Will made sure the fabric hadn't bunched, as he ran his hands reverently over the intricate paisley. In truth, they felt comfortable enough; the fabric was soft and didn't chafe, it lay like a second skin against him.

Will planted a kiss to Hannibal's cock and sat back, taking up the garter belt next.

Hannibal had seen his share of pornography as a young man he understood the aesthetics of lingerie on a fine curved figure. But he could not understand it on himself. He was flat, angular, *masculine* .

But Will looked like he was in absolute awe of him, kneeling before Hannibal, eyes wide and cheeks warm with blush as he adjusted the belt before taking up the first stocking, working the gossamer fabric onto his fingers until he had just the lightly reinforced toe presented for Hannibal to set his foot against.

As Will worked the stocking up over Hannibal's heel, he kissed his shin, his knee, sat up to kiss and nuzzle Hannibal's thigh. His breathing was unsteady by the time he clipped the top of the stocking - the same intricate lace design - to the garter belt and reached for the second.

Will's affectation was curious enough to make Hannibal's cock swell with blood. If possible, his touch over the second stocking was even more reverent, his kisses more intimate. He mouthed at the space just above the stocking, grazing his teeth over Hannibal's sensitive flesh. When he pulled back, his pupils were blown wide.

"You look beautiful," he said, his voice gravelly with his arousal. Hannibal blinked at him, then looked over his head to catch a glimpse of himself in the mirror above the dresser.

The clothing fit, at least. It was well suited to a man of his size and shape. He didn't find it beautiful, though. More awkward, not quite suited to his features. But Will surged up to kiss him, nearly knocking Hannibal off his feet.

Will squeezed Hannibal's ass, a hard grope through the lace, and he moaned into Hannibal's mouth. "I have to see," Will gasped when he pulled back.

“I wasn’t stopping you.” Hannibal frowned, resisting a childish urge to wipe at his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Come here, baby, I need a closer look.” Will stumbled backwards towards the bed, dragging Hannibal with him. They tumbled onto the mattress, a graceless plummet far more familiar to Hannibal than anything else that night. For a moment, they fumbled with each other, hands and mouths and a desperate heat surging between them. Then Will growled, rolling Hannibal roughly onto his stomach and dragging his hips up and off the bed.

He followed, sinking to his knees behind Hannibal, hands catching his thighs to spread him open. Will leaned in to bury himself between Hannibal’s cheeks, lace be damned, tongue pressing against him, hands spreading Hannibal open further. Hannibal groaned into the sheets, hiding his face against the unfamiliar to enjoy the feeling of Will’s passion against him. He pushed up onto his toes, sighed harshly when Will pressed closer.

“ *God* , Hannibal you drive me mad,” Will moaned against him, laughing. His fingers caught against the lace, scratched gently over the skin around it. “Was thinking about this all day, just seeing you, tasting you, *fucking* you…”

Hannibal dropped a hand back to grasp Will’s hair, to tug it and pull those wonderful soft sounds from him. He always wanted Will. Always. Even now his body was not confused as to how to respond, but his mind was working too quickly to connect dots he had never had to connect before, he *wanted* .

“Will.”

“No,” Will murmured, biting down just enough to sting on one cheek as he pulled away. “No, stay just where you are, just like that for me, *fuck* .” Hannibal heard Will’s feet against the floor, heard him go not to the bedside table for the lube, but back further to the closet.

He heard the belts tap against the door as it opened, heard Will slip one from its place and shivered, arching his back deeper with a low sound of need.

Will’s cruelty, his viciousness, was Hannibal’s favorite toy to play with. He could pull sounds from Hannibal that he’d never made before, ragged, guttural groans and high, keening cries. He loved to take whatever Will would give him, and Will loved to give it. His voice was always full of praise even when his hand was leaving bruises on Hannibal’s skin.

“You want it, sweetheart?” Will whispered, trailing the folded loop of leather over Hannibal’s ass. “Want me to paint you red and get you begging?”

Hannibal knew the game, the rules. He spread his legs a little wider, arching his back to present himself. “Yes, Sir. Please.”

“Good boy.”

He didn’t drag the delicate lace down to trap Hannibal’s knees, as Hannibal had thought he might. Instead, he whipped Hannibal right over them, the belt leaving a stripe of glorious heat on his skin. They offered no protection from the pain, and Hannibal reveled in it.

“Again, please, Sir.”

A warm hand rubbed affectionately through his hair. “I’ve got you, baby, I’ll give you as many as you need.”

And he did. Even when Hannibal’s voice broke and he couldn’t ask for more, couldn’t keep up the lovely obedient requests Will often made him speak before he struck him again. Will beat Hannibal with the intensity he always did, no mercy, no holding back. He watched the skin heat quickly, watched certain lines welt and purple, watched as the lace stood stark and light against Hannibal’s punished skin.

“God, baby, if you could see yourself right now,” Will told him, voice rough with want, low and purring. Hannibal was trembling incrementally, from the adrenaline, from the sensation, from the anticipation of what was to come. He rocked down against the bed just slightly, hissed when Will struck the sensitive place where his thighs met his ass in reprimand.

“Please,” he groaned. “Please, Sir, I need -”

“I know what you need, Hannibal,” Will told him, bringing the belt down again.

Hannibal’s cries were weak, exhausted, but the pleasure had never faded. Will gave him a handful more and then tossed the belt aside. He traced his fingers over the welts, hushing Hannibal’s hisses and whimpers.

“You’re beautiful,” Will whispered shifting the lace just enough to kiss one of the worst marks, one that had very nearly broken skin. Hannibal groaned, beyond words.

“Up you go.” Gently, carefully, Will guided Hannibal up to rest chest-down against the pillows, completely stretched out and relaxed. Long after Hannibal had expected him to, Will finally tugged the panties down, just enough to expose Hannibal’s red backside and trap his thighs together. “That looks like it hurts, baby,” he said, rubbing Hannibal’s back in general sympathy.

Hannibal searched for English and managed to come up with “Does.” Will ran gentle fingers through his hair, turning Hannibal to face him so he could steal a kiss.

“I’m gonna hurt you a little more, but I promise I’ll make it feel good. I’ll do all the work. All you have to do is lay there like a good boy and let me fuck you, alright?”

Hannibal drew in a shaking breath, nodding. He clung to the sheets, turning his face in the pillows. He was on Will’s side of the bed, breathing him in, entirely attuned to where Will was in the room. His eyes closed, body aching and floating in a blissful haze. Will was so good to him, always. Knew just what Hannibal needed, just what he deserved at any given time.

He felt wanted. He felt *safe* . He cried out when Will pressed up against him, covering Hannibal entirely with his body and kissing behind his ear.

“Do you have any idea how beautiful you are?” Will whispered, knees working their way between Hannibal’s own to spread his legs. “How distracting? I think about you every moment of every damn day, Hannibal, I can’t get you out of my head.”

Hannibal made a sound, low and helpless, and turned his head so Will could kiss his cheek next, the corner of his mouth. One of Will’s hands slipped between Hannibal’s stomach and the bed, moving to cup his cock, teasing the palm of his hand over the head, again and again, until Hannibal was whimpering.

“You’re inside of me, Hannibal. You’re everything.”

Hannibal shivered, gritting his teeth as Will pressed against him. He was relaxed from the belt, and well used to taking Will, but it was still a stretch, still thick pressure opening him wide.

“You’re perfect,” Will growled, hands coming to rest on Hannibal’s waist, thumbs toying with the garter belt. He draped himself fully over Hannibal, his hands everywhere as he pushed deeper. Hannibal groaned, trembling as Will’s hips rubbed against the welts and bruises. “Shh, I know, I know it hurts. Just take it. Just let me make a space inside of you, let me have you.”

Hannibal wanted it, he wanted it more than anything. Will drew back and rocked forward again, and Hannibal’s moan was high and strained.

It hurt, and it felt good. Will touched him everywhere, bearing him down into the bed. He could barely breathe for his weight, and the constrained feeling only added to the feeling of affection, of overwhelming love. They were as close as two people could be, and they both wanted to be *closer*.

"Will -"

"I've got you," Will whispered, curving himself up over Hannibal to change the angle of his thrusts, aiming for his sensitive prostate, smiling when Hannibal's sounds became near-constant and keening.

"Extraordinary man, I love you." Will told him breathlessly and Hannibal's next sound was a sob.

Emotions had always been hard for him, he'd learned very quickly how to shut them down and close them away and never reveal a single thing. With Will, he had come the closest to being laid bare, he got as much of Will back in return. And yet…

Love undid him.

Love spoken aloud was overwhelming, was too loud, too bright, too known. And Will's love, his encouragement, his support, his power in being able to bring Hannibal to the edge of his limits the edge of his reason and always catch him, always hold him close…

Hannibal smeared his tears against the pillow and sobbed louder, teeth gritted as Will hushed him and bent near to kiss his temple, nosing at the sweaty strands stuck there.

"Breathe for me, baby," he sighed.

Hannibal was certain he couldn't, that his lungs had twisted up and his throat had been sealed shut. But then Will tangled his fingers through Hannibal's hair, tilting his head back to press their cheeks together, and there was nothing Hannibal could do *but* breathe, the scent and feel of Will everywhere.

Hannibal came first, his body giving out on him, everything tightening and relaxing at once as pain and pleasure undid him. Will wasn't far behind, growling into Hannibal's shoulder like some wild thing as he pumped his hips into Hannibal, filling him up.

For a moment, they were nothing. Sweat and gasping and pain. Will returned to himself quickly, but for Hannibal, humanity was still out of reach.

Will slid from Hannibal, hushing his half-hearted, near-silent whimper. He returned in what seemed like a single blink, cleaning his mess from between Hannibal's thighs and then helping him onto his side to get his front.

"You were so good for me," Will praised, undoing the straps of the garter belt with careful fingers. "You can rest now. No more pain. I'll get some salve for your welts and some grapes for the drop, and you just stay where you are and rest."

He leaned in to kiss Hannibal softly, stroking his face, and then was gone again. Time flowed oddly for Hannibal, because a blink later there was Will again, soothing a cool cream over Hannibal's ass and thighs, massaging gently to get it where it was needed most without further hurting him. He climbed into bed and crossed his legs, sitting in front of Hannibal beautifully naked as he held out a cup of water with a straw for him to drink, fed him bright green grapes from his fingers.

And even here, praise. Constant, loving praise. Will touched Hannibal's hair, he stroked his face, he drew his knuckles over Hannibal's pulse, only just now starting to slow. When he'd finished the grapes, and given Hannibal more water, Will reached over him to set the cup to the table before stretching out next to Hannibal, chest to chest. His hands moved over Hannibal's side, down over the garter belt, down further to help Hannibal kick away the panties that tangled in his legs. He stroked over the stockings, over the jut of his hip, up to the hair on his chest before leaning in to nuzzle his face into it with a soft pleased sound.

"Thank you for trying this with me," Will murmured, wrapping his arm beneath Hannibal's to set a palm to his shoulder, sharing a pillow. "You were radiant. You always are."

Hannibal nuzzled into Will's curls, breathing him in, bringing a hand up to run up and down Will's back.

"You could have done more," he replied, voice rough from tears and wordless sounds. "You could have feminized me entirely, if you wanted."

“I didn’t,” Will sighed, stretching and pressing closer. “I don’t.”

Hannibal let that turn over in his mind, but he was far hazier than he was used to being. “You did all this, though.” He nudged his toes gently against Will’s calf. The stockings *did* feel nice against his smooth skin, but the constant awareness was a bit much for him.

“It wasn’t about feminizing you.” As if to emphasize his point, Will kept his face buried happily in Hannibal’s chest hair, even as he began to fumble with the garter belt to work it off Hannibal. “I don’t want you to look feminine. I want you to accentuate *you* .”

Hannibal peered down at Will’s curls, contemplating. “You might have mentioned this.”

Will pulled back, frowning at him. “Hannibal.” He brought his hand up to cradle Hannibal’s cheek, fingers curling behind his ear. “I ripped the Great Red Dragon into pieces with you. I don’t ever want to change you.”

Hannibal blinked at him, lazy and slow, and accepted the kiss Will pressed to his lips. He accepted another, holding Will against him with a sigh. He dozed that way for a while, just breathing him in, and when Will pulled away with a whispered word, Hannibal turned to lay on his stomach and continued to sleep.

He woke to a kiss on his cheek and Will’s voice telling him to come down to dinner.

Hannibal rarely took time from work. He had a comfortable schedule, many regulars, and little to no need to break from this new routine. Yet he found himself, on an entirely unexciting Wednesday, leaving the office at three, knowing he would beat Will home by several hours even with a stop beforehand.

He arrived home, left the door unlocked as he was wont to do on evenings Will was late from the garage, and made his way upstairs without starting dinner.

Will pulled up late, as always, balancing his phone with his satchel as he shoved the car door closed with his hip. He kicked his shoes off in the entryway, shoved his phone in his mouth as he shouldered off his jacket to hang up, his satchel on top. There wasn’t a familiar smell of dinner, nor was Hannibal leaning out into the hallway with a glass of wine, which meant he was upstairs or in the study.

Will took the steps at a jog, phone still in his mouth, distracted by something that certainly didn’t matter when he stepped into their bedroom and found Hannibal… like that.

Hannibal sat on the edge of the bed, legs crossed at the knee. He had shaved his legs again, dressing them in sheer thigh-high stockings. His panties and garter belt were both an inky black, making every detail of the lace stand out against his skin. The whole thing was completed with a black babydoll, lace hugging his chest -not shaved, but still neatly tidied - and see-through fabric parting just below his navel to flutter around his hips, long and loose enough to circle him on the bed.

His confidence, an integral part of him that Will adored, faltered only slightly when Will didn't immediately speak.

"I wanted to surprise you."

Will swallowed thickly. "I'm surprised," he offered. Hannibal's eyes flicked down to his groin, and a slow smile spread across his face. He uncrossed his legs, the sound of the stockings rubbing together sending a shudder down Will's spine.

"The selection was daunting. I'm afraid I may have gone a little overboard in making sure I had enough to choose from." He nodded towards the closet, and Will's head jerked to the side and then back, wanting to see but unwilling to look away from Hannibal.

He regained composure much faster than Hannibal would have liked, straightening up and licking his lips. "Are you a present for me to unwrap?" He murmured.

"Quite the opposite," Hannibal replied, tilting his head, eyes skimming down Will's form hungrily before blinking and catching his eyes again. "Stay just where you are."

Will did, moving only to shove his phone into his pocket, eyes on Hannibal as he stretched his shoulders, rolling them, chest wide almost as though he were preening. Power contained - just barely - in a feline form that Will loved beyond words.

And then Hannibal sank to his knees.

Will watched as he stretched forward, arms out to catch himself on all fours, back arched and head up to hold Will's gaze as he crawled closer. Step by step, hips tilting, allowing the satin to shift enough to reveal the lace panties beneath, how they hugged the curves of Hannibal's form, emphasized the strength there.

Will cursed, drawing a hand through his hair, and laughed when Hannibal pressed his face against his groin, mouthing the zipper through his jeans.

"I'm covered in oil," he apologized, "I'm sorry, I could shower -"

"You're perfect," Hannibal told him, whiskey gaze up to watch Will's blush warm his cheeks. "Let me make you feel good."

" *Christ* , Hannibal," Will laughed, voice cutting off in a sharp gasp as Hannibal tugged the zipper down with his teeth.

He was an expert with his mouth, working Will's cock out from his underwear with only lips and tongue. Will let his eyes narrow with pleasure, both hands cradling Hannibal's head, fingers tangled through his hair to scratch at his scalp. Hannibal hummed around him, earning a surprised thrust of Will's hips.

Hannibal swallowed around him, alternating between bobbing his head and simply dropping his jaw for Will to fuck greedily against his palate.

“Beautiful man,” Will whispered. “The things you do to me.” He tightened his grip, suddenly, holding Hannibal still as he rocked forward. Hannibal closed his eyes, letting Will fill his mouth, choke him on his cock.

He looked youthful like this, lashes long and dark where they spread over his sharp cheekbones; lips an obscene red as Will stretched and filled him. On his knees, under Will’s hands, under his power, Hannibal *lived* . He became exactly who he wanted to be, who he was destined to be; worshiping and loving this man who had fallen with him from a cliff to escape the world that stifled them.

He moaned, brows furrowing as Will cursed and shoved in deeper, for just a moment, just enough to feel Hannibal’s throat work around the head of his cock before he pulled back, holding Hannibal still to allow him just the head of his cock between his lips.

“Dressed up so beautifully for me, baby,” Will told him, some of the twang of a long-forgotten accent coming through. Always when he was tired, always when he was aroused. “I’m going to take you apart. Going to have you make a mess of those panties for me before I fuck you. How does that sound?”

Hannibal looked up, flushed, eyes bright and lips wet, and pulled back just enough to whisper against the head of Will’s cock: “Please, Sir.”

End Notes

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